

TO MY SWEETHEART.

(The first love letter ever written by Mr. Field.) Sweetheart, be my sweetheart...

A LOST ILLUSION.

"Well, I'm blest! What an extraordinary thing! Who the deuce can have sent it, and what the devil do they mean by it?"

"By love!" said the captain, "how absurd! Some woman, I suppose, jealous of Lily's good looks. It's always a woman who does that sort of thing."

"None at all; everything is as dull as can be." Somehow it seemed ridiculous to tell Lily about the note.

"That was a charming dance at the Chilterns last night," volunteered Lily, after a pause, during which she had opened several of her letters.

"You certainly seemed to enjoy yourself," said Lily. "I did. I—oh! here is a card from Lota Jardyne. She wants us to dine there on the twentieth to meet the Maharaja of Kaputhala."

"Hates you! My dear Lily, what nonsense! Why, last night she was singing your praises to me for ever so long."

"Capt. Clitheroe laughed. "You are too hard on her, Lily. She is not so bad, though, of course, I should not care to have you her bosom friend."

"Well, you know, dear, so few men do dance nowadays that one may be permitted to enthrone a little over one who does; and besides, Capt. Graham is altogether delightful in every way."

mons letters are proverbially cowardly and slender, yet there is seldom any smoke without fire. The Metropole! It was an extraordinary coincidence! What should he do? Should he sift the matter out at once? It might be wiser—yes!

"Delightful. That is, if you think we can get back in time for Lady Valmont's reception, you know."

"Oh, we shall have heaps of time," he exclaimed, gleefully, and he stooped and kissed her. "Be ready to start directly after lunch, like a good little woman."

"Hardly thinking what he did, he glanced at them, and his attention was unpleasantly arrested by an unmistakable 'pole' on the remains of the flap of the envelope, and 'three sharp' on the minute corner of the enclosed letter, with 'E. G.' on the other side."

"What's the matter?" asked Hugh, hurriedly. "Oh, Hugh, dear, that neuralgia—that dreadful neuralgia; I shall go mad with the pain, I think."

"Perhaps the air will do you good," said Lily. "The air? Oh, I forgot. Oh, Hugh, I cannot possibly go! I am too ill!"

"The drive would make it ever so much worse," she interrupted, pettishly. "It is absurd to think of it. I shall stay in my room, and be very quiet all the afternoon, and perhaps when you come back to dinner I shall be quite well again."

"Perhaps! There seems to be something very erratic about its coming and going." Lily gazed at him a moment. "I will go upstairs now, Hugh. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I shall go to the club," he answered, carelessly. "And then on to the Fairchilds. I shan't trouble you."

ery and covered her face with her hands; the stranger alone remained impassable, calmly polite and smiling. "Who are you? What are you?" thundered the captain, beside himself with rage.

"You be —" cried Clitheroe, as the spring yielded to his pressure. "Great Scott!" Lily shrieked, the stranger still smiled as the captain stood gazing, horror-struck, at an adorable set of 'pearly teeth!'"

"The dark man came to the rescue with his maddeningly smooth voice. "You did not know, I am Mr. Grinder, of the firm of Molar & Grindor. Some years ago I was staying at Metropole, and there I made the acquaintance of madam and her uncle, Madam, who was at that time, of course, a very young lady, had the misfortune, while riding, to meet with a very bad accident, in which her—dental organization was fatally injured. I had the pleasure of coming to the rescue in my professional capacity, and since then have always been honored with madam's confidence."

"I was forced to pass through London, and agreed with madam, that the opportunity would be a good one to ensure her against any mishap by preading her with another—another set of pearlys. Madam is a little disturbed, and if you will allow me, I will withdraw. I have some telegrams to attend to. Pray consult your own convenience in every way," and, still smiling, suave and irreproachable, the junior partner of Molar & Grindor withdrew.

"One of the best pieces of detective work I ever saw," said James C. Sutter, of San Francisco, "was done by a private detective of little or no reputation at the time in our city. A swell restaurant was completely demoralized by a series of petty thefts. Its plated ware, which had to be of a high quality, was stolen freely, and it frequently happened that the pockets of overcoats on the racks were pilfered. The proprietor, recognizing that his living was at stake, offered an exceedingly large reward for the detection of the thief, and the detective I refer to undertook the job. He planned out a series of mirrors, reversing the dodge of the dime museum man who makes a portrait of a figure invisible, and so planning the glasses that he could overlook the entire room while seated at a little table in the far corner. His planning involved some little expense and seemed so far-fetched that he had some difficulty in persuading the proprietor to adopt the idea. He had his own way at last, and then, when everything was ready, he arranged to have a little more silver-ware than usual scattered around and made his observations. He caught three men on the first day, but rightly supposing the work was being done by a gang, who were doubtless operating other houses, he had the three shadowed, and continued his observations the following day. He finally captured seven, and traced their operations to nearly every hotel and restaurant in the city. He has never made public the exact secret of his angles in the looking-glasses, but has popularized himself so much among the hotel fraternity that he has never lacked for work, and has got in the way of refunding jobs in other lines.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

"The Date of Creation. In the seventeenth century Dr. John Lightfoot, vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the great rabbinical scholar of his time, attempted to reconcile the two accounts in Genesis by saying that of the 'clean sort of beasts there were seven of every kind created, three couples for breeding and the odd one for Adam's sacrifice on his fall, which God foresaw' that of unclean beasts only one couple was created; and finally, that 'heaven and earth, centre and circumference, were created together, in the same instant, and clouds full of water,' and that 'this took place and man was created by the Trinity on October 23, 4004 B. C., at nine o'clock in the morning.' Here was, indeed, a triumph of Lactantius's method, the result of a thousand years of biblical study and theological thought since Bode, in the eighth century, and Vincent de Beauvais, in the thirteenth, had declared that creation must have taken place in the spring. Yet, alas! within two centuries after Lightfoot's great theological demonstration as to the exact hour of creation, it was discovered that at that hour an exceedingly cultivated people, enjoying all the fruits of a highly developed civilization, had long been swarming in the great cities of Egypt, and that other nations hardly less advanced had at that time reached a high development in Asia.—Andrew D. White, L. E. D., in the Popular Science Monthly.

It's a very poor hive that hasn't some honey in it.

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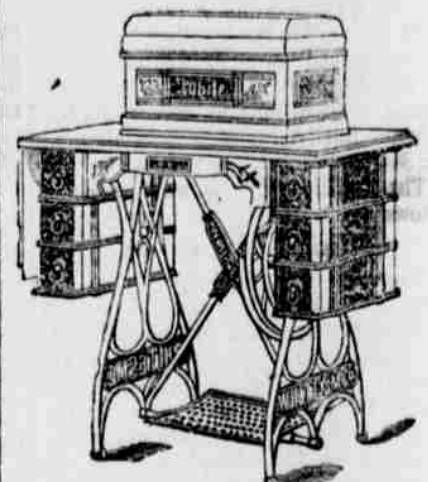
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